Waas Still In The Lead.

With what? Why, with a New 10c Cigar, the "Concordia's Leader," so called cause it was made for that society in the first place. Nothing but the best will suit the leading singing society of the state. The W. D. 10c and the Little and Big Pride of Waterbury, Victoria and Top of the Heap 5c, hold their own. Cigars and Tobacco wholesale and retail.

M. H. WAAS,

COR. GRAND AND CANAL STREETS.

SAMPLE ROOM. JOHN NOLAN, 80 East Main St. Choice hours, wines, ales and lager, foreign and domestic cigars. Give me a

SYADILICH BHT BNIRUD Martin Hellmann WILL HAVE FOR SALE

Extra Vienna Double Beer. Procure your orders early.

James E. Watts, SAMPLE ROOM

106 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Jones' Portsmouth Ale, Schaefer's Wiener Beer,

Splendid Sweet Cider Bottled for family use and delivered to any part of the city.

J.W.Hodson,

HARVEY BROS., Sample Room, Billiard & Pool Tables.

II West Main Street

DURAND Successor to Otto Ochsner. Ladies And Gents Restaurant,

Meals to order at all hours. First Class Dinner for 25 cents. 165 BANK STREET-

SELLING OUT AT COST.

Parlor Stoves and Ranges at cost L 書 EASY TERMS, LOW PRICES New and second-hand Furniture bought sold and exchanged by

M. EHRLICH. 58 EAST MAIN STREET.

DEAFNESS

Scientifically treated by an artist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficul-ty is reached and the cause removed, fully ex-plained in circulars, with affidavits and testi-monials of cures from prominent people, mailed rec. Dr.A.Fontaine, 34 West 14th St. N.X.

Park Market.

Do You Know Where the Park Market is?

Well! The Park Market is No. 10 North Main street. It is the cleanest, neatest and sweetest market in the city, and Meats of the very best quality will be kept.

Politry, etc. Game in the season. Vegetables fresh every day. Prices the lowest,

Park Market.

M. & W. A. GUILFOILE,

No. 10 North Main St.

NOTICE.

Those that owe me livery bills money loaned, notes, ctc., will please settle the same at once. All bills that have run over three months I will mke 50 cents on the dollar. If you can not pay that, call and get a receipt. Respectfully Yours,

S. A. Wheeler.

R. E. HITCHCOCK & CO 27 TO 89 CARAL ST. WATERBURY.

-MANUPACTURERS OF-FINE - PAPER - BOXES. DRALERS IN PAPER AND TWINE. JOB PRINTING.

-1- THE-:-American Steam Laundry The only place in the city where the Winnipeg Collar is done up properly. Shirts finished up in the best

ANDREW HUNTER Prop. TO BAST MAIN STREET. Telephone No. 90.

LONE HOLLOW: Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story

"Instead of coming to Lone Hollow he hid in a cave, once a counterfeiter's resort, in Hangman's Gulch. Sometimes he had moments of sanity, but they were of short duration. He led a hermit life, and watched to meet Lawrence Brandon. He did meet him finally, and recognized him. He fired with the intention of taking life. Somehow, it seems that Brandon, alias Starbright, lived to concoct further schemes of villainy, among them the poisoning of Grace Penroy, that he might, through a forged will, selze upon the million left by Morgan Vandible."
"That will is not a forgery."
"Keep quiet," ordered Lura.
"I have come near to the end of my

story," proceeded Dr. Colton, with the ut most gravity. "Before you went to California you had sought to win the hand of Miss Jovce. She read your character and despised you. Afterward, when she learned that you were nt Lone Hollow, she re solved to the try your designs upon the unsuspecting old man Vandible and upon Grace, all hough at that time she knew nothing of the crime you had committed among ing of the crime you had committed among the gold hills of California.

"Disguised as Fingal, the hunter, she has been quite successful in thwarting your villainy. Your attempt upon her life on two occasions failed signally. She discovered your attempt to poison her cousin-"
"By heaven! this is too much," grated the Captain, white and trembling, at the same time coming to his feet. "This plot arranged between you and this shameless girl will not succeed. In good faith 1 care ere. I was the friend of Karl Vandib.,

My name is Starbright, and—"
"Do you deny that you attempted h.
life?" interrupted the doctor.

"I do, most emphatically."
"You did not strike him down in Ca.

"You did not set hired assassins on his track but a few weeks since, and sink his body in a dark pool in the woods?" White, stern, grim as fate was the face of Dr. Arthur Colton as he put these questions swiftly to the trembling man be-

"N-n-o!" faltered Captain Starbright, reeling and cringing.

"Then, perhaps, you will dare deny these things to another witness." Dr. Colton turned swiftly and flung wide the door. Two men crossed the threshold. Captain Starbright glared wildly into the face of the foremost man, then he uttered a great cry of agony and terror. The dead had indeed come back to earth to stand as a witness against him.
"Karl Vandible alive!"

Then the shattered spirit sank weakly, and Captain Starbright fell heavily into his hair, covering his face to shut out the view Before them stood the man we have known as Don Benito, the maniac. Now there was the light of reason glowing in his eyes, yet he was thin and pale, and leaned on the arm of his companion, an officer, for

"I am not dead, Lawrence Brandon, said the wronged Californian, in a solemn voice. "A blow from your hand clouded my brain and sent me forth a demented wanderer upsn the earth. A weight of years has whelmed me, yet I did not forget nor forgive the man who struck that blow, the man I trusted and confided in only to be murdered, almost, by his treachery.
"Your last attempt upon my life proved

as futile as the first, thanks to this brave doctor and his equally brave helper, Lurs Joyce. Both were on hand to rescue me from the watery grave into which your minions had cast me. The stone broke loose at the outset. I was unconscious for some time, and these friends conveyed me to Stonefield in a light vehicle. The shock to my system was terrible, but it served the good turn to restore my reason.

"From the hour of my regaining conscious-ness I knew every thing. My head is yet sore, and I am very weak, yet I managed the forest pool, where you had gone to contemplate your latest villainy. I had been to and spying you moving toward the pool I dogged your steps and executed a little tableau that frightened you so that you swooned. From your pocket I abstracted this," holding up a delicate vial, "which the good doctor informs me is a subtle and deadly poison. You have used it. My brother Morgan died from its effects before he signed the will, to which you afterward affixed his name. Your race is run, Law rence Brandon. You have many murders to answer for, all togain a million that was

As the man paused Lura held aloft a fold "The last will and testament of Morgar

Vandible, which leaves all his property to Karl, his beloved brother. This will have been concealed, and is the only genuine document in existence from the hand of Morgan Vandible. I congratulate you, Mr Vandible.' Starbright dropped h s hands and glared

at the paper in a hopeless, despairing way His face was like death itself.
"And now," said Karl Vandible, "I have the satisfaction of turning you over to the custody of an officer, Lawrence Brandon ! "Wait," cried the culprit, huskily, as Vandible's companion advanced, displaying a pair of handcuffs. Then he came to his feet and shrank back across the floor

toward the window. "Seize him!" cried Lura. "There's p ladder at the window. He will escape." "Halt, sir!"

"I will not be taken alive!" hearsely uttered the haggard villain. Or anstant he presented a revolver, which . always carried in case of emergency.

This movement deterred as seizure, and

then, crouching quickly, in saided through the open window. Both the career and Dr. Colton dashed forward and pera d out. The escaping villain made a master, slipped and, with a wild cry, proged headlong the ground below.

"I-I feel that I am not long for this The voice was faltering and low, and the The voice was faitering and low, and the lips that uttered the words blue and shrunken. Beside the couch sat two men, Dr. Colton and Karl Vandible. Outside the first snow of the season was sifting softly one or two cows. down upon the gray roof at Lone Hollow

One would scarcely recognize in the emaciated man on the bed our old acquaintance, Captain Starbright. Bodily and mental suffering had done its work. The plunge from the upper story of the great house on that night just a fort-

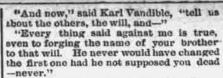
night before had given the man a shock from which he could not recover, and he was slowly and surely dying.
"There is no help for you, Captain—"

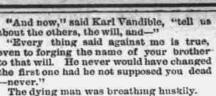
"Hush! Do not utter that title. It was as false as my life has been. Wherewhere is Austin Wentword! He ought to

"He is still behind prison bars," answered the doctor.

"And for my crime. Yes, it was mine. I meant to get rid of them both when I fired that shot. My aim was not good. I was nervous, I suppose. Dropping the pistol I fled, and making a swift detour, came upon Austin and Grace from the direction of the ouse. I hope he may be set free. And

She is improving." "I-I am glad."





Soon he opened his lips and told the story of his villainy, confessing every thing. "Now-now, can you ever forgive me for the wrongs I did, Karl-Karl, you who were once my friend?" faltered the dying nan at the last. Karl thought of his own sufferings, of the

dead brother hastened to his grave by poison administered by the hand of the mar pefore him, and remained silent. "You can not!" groaned the dying man. "A higher power may-look there, not to

me," answered Vandible, in tones of solemn gravity.

Then the sinking man gasped, attempted to speak, but failed. A convulsive shudder passed through his frame, a gasp and then silence - the man of evil was dead.

With his death comes the ending of our story. We have no desire to prolong the narrative. Through the efforts of Lura Joyce, assisted at the last by Dr. Colton, retribution had overtaken the man who had staked his soul in the struggle for a fortune. He had meditated the destruction of the last Penroy in his eager desire to gain the wealth of Major Vandible. Caught, he had fallen and died a miserable death.

Austin Wentword was at once released. The forged will was cast aside and the gen-uine probated, which was satisfactory to all, Mrs. Penvoy having the promise of ample pin money as well as a home while she lived, and Grace the snug sum of twenty thousand dollars a year. This was enough to marry on, Wentword and Grace believed, and they consequently acted upon it and were united early the following spring. Lawyer Gripes, fearing prosecution for his part in the transaction with Lawrence Brandon, left Stonefield and was seen there

Mother Cabera and her sons were arrested on their reappearance at Lone Hollow and were sent to prison for a term of years.

Lura Joyce! guardian angel of the Penroys! She won Dr. Arthur Colton, certainly, and became his happy wife a year after the death of the wicked Brandon, alias Starbright.

On the wedding morn Karl Vandible astonished the bride with a certificate of de-posit in the Stonefield Bank, in her name, man," he said, gravely, "and you must accept this in slight recompense.' It proved the nest-egg for a future fortune.

A CAPITAL ANECDOTE

flow Dr. Dwight Made the Acquaintance of Dennie, the American Addison. As Dr. Dwight, the celebrated president of Yale College, seventy odd years ago, was traveling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at a stage hotel, in one of its populous towns, for the night, says the New York Ledger. At a late hour of the same, Mr. Dennie (a once noted writer). arrived also at the inn, and had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all paired with lodgers, except one, occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight "Show me to his apartment," exclaimed Dennie; "although I am a stranger to the Rev. Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with

him for my lodgings.' The landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennie to the doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The doctor, alfreshing arms of Somnus, politely request ed the strange intruder to be seated. The doctor, struck with the intellectual physi-ognomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of literary and distinguished characters, for some time gave a zest and interest to their conversation, until Dr. Dwight chanced to men-

tion the name of Dennie. "Dennie, the editor of the Port Folio," last night to astound you on the brink of the forest pool, where you had gone to con-American belies lettres. But sir," continued he, "is it not astounding that a man of such a genius, fancy and feeling, should abandon himself to the incbriating bowl, him intoxicated." - "Sir," rejoined the doctor, "you err; I have my information from a particular friend; I am confident that I am right, and that you are wrong."

Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking that Drs. Abererombie and Mason were amongst our most distinguished divines; neverthe less, he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, the most learned theo logian-the first logician-and the greatest poet that America had ever produced. "But, sir," continued Dennic, "there are traits in his character, undeserving so great and wise a man, of the most detestable de scription—he is the greatest bigot and dog-matist of the age!" "Sir," said the doctor, "you are grossly mistaken; I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the contrary." "Sir," replied Dennie, "you are mistaken; I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, who I am confident would not tell an untruth." "No more slander," says the doctor, "I am Doctor Dwight of whom you speak!" "And I." exclaimed the other, "am Mr. Dennie, of whom you spoke!"

The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaint

Some Advertising Models. The following genuine "ads." are extracted from an amusing little volume entitled "English as She is Wrote," forming No. 3of Appleton's "Parchment Paper Series:" TWO YOUNG WOMEN want washing.

WILL THE GENTLEMAN who left his stomach for analysis please call and get it, together with the result? WANTED, a young man to take charge of horses of a religious turn of mind.

TICKETS, 25 cents; children, half-price, to be To these native specimens we add an exunple clipped for us from an English proincial newspaper:

JUST RECEIVED, a fine lot of live Ostend rabbits. Persons purchasing the same will eskinned and cleaned while they wait.

Someropy says that drinking beer will mench the thirst. Perhaps it may, but not so pulckly as water. Some men's thirst is so and to quench with beer that they swallow en glasses inside of an hour, whereas one int of water will satisfy a plain, ordinary, very-day thirst for eight or ten hours at a

SNOW-The Florist.

Best of goods. 87 BANK STREET. Store of Cannon & Webster.



CHAPTER L.

BAGS AND TATTERS. Lawrence Drane awoke with a shudder from a dream of poverty. Doubt-less many people would like to know how he did it. Some of us have tried it and failed. We have struggled with this nightmare even when our eyes were open, and have not cast it off. In various shapes it haunts the shadows of this world. Mr. Drane, however, Yes, what of her who had proved the awoke; but before sending him our congratulations let us see what he found waiting for him.

The first thing he saw on opening his eyes was a ragged coat which lay upon his arm. It was a garment eminently qualified to be offensive to a gentlefor the snug sum of twenty thousand dollars. man; shiny, soiled and raveled at the "I owe every thing to you, brave little edges. Mr. Drane blinked at it an instant and concluded that it must be a part of his recent troublesome fancies. "Get out," he muttered, sleepily, shaking the garment to the floor; "you're a fake. I dreamed you, and I'm going to

wake up in a minute." No wonder he was deceived, for the coat fitted the dream with diabolical accuracy. It had not been a vision of financial embarrassment alone; he had seen himself walking on the uppers of disgrace over the rocky road of despair.

His first waking impression had been a great thankfulness that he was himself again, a man of wealth and consideration; a gentleman by birth and breeding. Then he had seen the ragged coat and denied its reality. He let his head fall upon the pillow

again and sank for a moment into sleep. Then he awoke with a start. "Oneer notion about that coat," he said, and glanced over the edge of the brought up from the sidewalk in a basbed. The coat was there. None of its ket. though in his night-gown, cap and slippers. fine points had got away. The summer and just ready to resign himself to the resumbeams round the edges of the curtains glinted upon its greasy wristbands and glassy sleeves. Mr. Drane sat upon the bed and stared stupidly at the strange garment. The sight con-

fused him. He tried to recall the events which had preceded his sleep. He remembered the ideal dead-beat. He stared at this his journey eastward from his home in libelous caricature of himself with utter Kansas City; the business interests tiresome ride which had brought him to New York on his way to Boston. He recalled how he had found himself so tired that he had resolved to wait in there was no more back-bone in his at the bar, after which one could go to New York long enough to have a good nap in a hotel; how he had entered the and to bacchanaling revels!" "Sir," said first one he found, and had stumbled Dennie, "you are mistaken. I have been "sleepily along in the wake of the hallmtimately acquainted with Dennie for boy to the room wherein he lay. Then several years, and I never knew or saw he nad cast himself upon the bed after removing only his outer clothing.

"By the way," thought he, with a sudden start, "where are my clothes I should like to know?"

How easy it is to ask questions, and how eternally hard it is to answer them. Mr. Drane's hasty but thorough search of the apartment revealed no reply to his very natural query. He did not find his clothes because they were not there. but he did succeed in discovering a waistcoat and a pair of pantaloons which owned disgraceful kinship with

"If I were a drinking man," he muttered, in dire perplexity, "I think that I should find the motive for a great reformation somewhere in this affair."

At this moment he found himself confronted by a mirror, and as his own reflection met his eyes he couldn't help being assailed by the idea that a change had come over his countenance which, if it were not equal in extent to that which had overtaken his clothes, was yet in the same unfortunate direction. Of course it was one of those crooked

hotel mirrors which so shockingly wreck the features of their victims. According to this veracious glass, Mr. Drane had a swelling on his right cheek, and was afflicted with strabismus, ervsipelas and a disordered liver, complicated with a three-days' beard. None of these personal charms had any real existence except the beard, and that wasn't so bad as it looked. In spite of it, Mr. Drane was a very good-looking young man; but he couldn't see it in that glass.
"Jingo!" he exclaimed, as he gazed

upon this optical monstrosity. "They've stolen me along with my clothes. must have assistance."
He turned to the annunciator and consulted the directions for its use. First, he rang once for the hall-boy, but there was no response. Then he gave three jabs for ice-water, but it did not come. Six for a back and seven for the police

ment and twelve for an ambulance he gave it up,
"If they had given me permission to ring thirteen times for the coroner I should feel that I had done my full duty," groaned Lawrence; and then he laughed, it was all so absurd. He felt n the pockets of the deplorable lothes which had been left for him, but he did not find their late wearer's name

West End Drug Store, 111 West Main St.

Pure drugs and chemicals. Prescrip ions earefully compounded.

value. The loss of his money and watch did not trouble him much, for he had never felt the pressing need of a dollar, and did not know what its absence may imply. As for his watch the police would recover that. Mr. Drane had exaggerated otions about the metropolitan police. He did not know that before they would find that watch in the ordinary course of their business he would be all done with time and a large part of eternity. So he didn't worry about those things, but bestowed his regret very sensibly upon the absence of certain papers. He knew nobody in New York, and had now no means of establishing his identity. Evidently he would have to make the landlord telegraph to his friends while he remained in pawn for all further charges at the hotel.

The first necessity was to get downstairs to the office, for while he delayed his clothes were no doubt getting more and more remote every minute. He ventured into the hall in his underclothing, but was instantly driven back by the sight of a young woman's back. That in itself was not considerable, but there was no telling when she might turn about. So Mr. Drane retreated. Consideration, repulsive and pro-longed, showed him that there was no

help for it, he must don the habiliments of poverty. His soul was full of wrath, tempered with admiration when he thought of the coolness of the thief who had made the exchange of garments so cleverly. He remembered that for greater security he had held his coat in his arms when he had lain down to sleep.

Dressed in the character of Lagarna Mr. Drane hastened along the hall and intercepted the elevator in its descent. "Down," said he, with dignity.

"Walk down," replied the elevator boy, snarply, as the car swept by. It was the first humiliation of rags. Mr.



"PUT THAT TRAMP OUT."

Drane walked down according to directions. He approached the clerk. "Some miserable thief-" he began. The clerk struck a big bell with alarming force.

"Walsh," said he to a porter, "put this confounded tramp out. I thought you fired him an hour ago." "So I did, sir," said Walsh, rolling up his sleeves, "but he don't come back

Mr. Drane turned about with the intention of standing the porter on his had been in similar depths of povertyhead for his impertinence, a thing he stories told by Bohemian acquaintances could easily have done, for he was a young man of remarkable strength and excellent training in the use of it; but as he turned he saw his own image in a had ultimately depended upon that long mirror let into the wall. He was great modern institution, the free the ideal dead-beat. He stared at this amazement. The character reached out which he had in charge; the hot, dusty, from the mirror and seized upon him with a grip he could not shake off. He but he thought he knew the machinery

> He was the tramp all over. In spite of himself, he played the part to the life and submitted to ejection with only the ordinary protestations of injured in-nocence which are always ridiculous. He stood on the edge of the sidewalk and endeavored to collect his senses. It was time to stop making mistakes and he knew it. Evidently he must have money, and the only way to get it that was speedy enough to satisfy the demands of his impatience was by wire. He found a telegraph office and wrote out a modest request that his father in Kansas City should send five hundred dollars at the rate of one hundred and ninety thousand miles a second or faster

if the electricity could be hurried. It was a branch telegraph office and a young man with a shrewd face was in charge.

"Send this collect," said Lawrence,

laying down his message. "What do you take me for?" inquired the young man, blandly.

Lawrence recognized that some explanation was necessary, so he briefly outlined the case. The young man

looked interested, and Lawrence was encouraged. He entered more into detail and the young man put on a sweet and trustful smile. Lawrence reached the point in his narrative where the porter loomed into prominence, and he hesitated, feeling the humiliation of his de-

"And then-and then," said he, blushing. "And then," said the young man, solemnly, "you put the cork back into the bottle and the green snakes disappeared.

commend your prudence. You've had

enough." "Do you mean to intimate that I am intoxicated?" "Not at all," replied the young man; but you'll have to try this story at the main office on Broadway. It is too ex-

All kin is of pen work executed in the highestdez ee of the art 131 Bank St

When Lawrence read this he deeply regretted his small command of expletives. His disappointment nearly burst him.

"Any reply?" asked the man who had brought the telegram. Lawrence's tem-per got the better of him, and he wrote: "Why didn't you send it to Jericho?" He cooled down after awhile, and

finally persuaded the night manager to have a query sent to [New Haven. The answer read as follows:

"Lawrence Drane collected money here. Fully identified."

When this reply had been read by the night manager it was evident that he had made up his mind what to do Lawrence saw it in his eyes, and he knew that he was in a bad scrape. He prepared to get out, for he was well aware that arrest stared him in the face. The manager tried to detain him. Lawrence pushed him over a chair and fied, hotly pursued by a half dozen messenger boys and a few clerks. He was too nimble for them, however, and in a few minutes he stood alone upon

the street, penniless, tired and hungry It is a curious physiological fact that a man can voluntarily abstain from food for twenty-four hours with far less remonstrance from his stomach than that organ will make if its owner unwillingly fasts for half that time. When Lawrence realized that he had not money enough to buy a sandwich he became hungrie than he had ever been before in his life. He was positively faint, and as he stood upon a corner trying to decide upon a course of action he closed his eyes and actually reeled with exhaustion.

A man passing rapidly along ran against him. Lawrence did not even look at him.
"Poor fellow," muttered the stranger;

"he's blind," and he slipped a ten-cent piece into Lawrence's hand. "Confound you!" exclaimed Lawrence, in a rage, "I can see as well as you

can."
The stranger opened his eyes, his mouth and his charitable heart at the same moment.

"Have I lived to see this day!" he cried. "Here, my friend, here is half a dollar for the only really honest man in

New York." Lawrence refused it, and tried to giv back the dime, but the stranger wouldn't take it. He appeared to be an exceptionally humane old fellow. Lawrence walked along by his side for a few steps and the idea struck him that here was chance to tell his story to believing ears. He began it with considerable hope in his heart, but he had got no further than a brief outline of his real financial solidity and apparent poverty when he heard the stranger mutter: "New game; new rame. Never saw it before, but I'm onto it just the same.'

Then he hurried away, and Lawrence was left alone with the dime still in his hand. The encounter had not been wholly unprofitable, at all events. He debated long with himself upon the question how he should expend his ten cents. That he should buy food this time unless his remainders is with it was of course a foregone conclusion, but how could he get the most for

who prided themselves upon such experiences. In all of these that he could remember the salvation of the narrator lunch. He had never had any personal experience with such fare, because he was a total abstainer, and never visited places where free lunches are found; a convenient counter and gorge himself

with all the delicacies of the season. He looked about him for a saloon There was one behind him, another in front of him and several more in sight. New York is that kind of a town. Lawrence hesitated. He reflected that his circumstances did not justify him in selecting a gilded den of vice where drinks might be fifteen cents apiece. He must choose something better suited to a gentleman in adversity. He selected a den without any gilding and entered. Approaching the bar he put down his ten cents and tried to think of some mild decoction which he could safely take. It was one of Mr. Drane's peculiarities that he could not drink alcoholic liquors, or even wines, without almost instantaneous inebriation. He never dared drink even a glass of wine with his dinner because it went to his head. Beer he detested.

He was in a quandary. "Well, young feller?" said the bartender, interrogatively. At that moment Lawrence's eyes rested upon this in-

scription: GENUINE NEW JERSEY APPLE-JACK, TEN CENTS.

"That must be something like cider," he reflected, and then he said aloud: "Give me a glass of apple-jack." "It's a little out of season, but I'll go yer," said the bartender, and he produced the fluid. Lawrence drank it in a hurry, because he was anxious to get at the free lunch. It made him cough.

"Your apple-jack is a trifle strong," said he, apologetically. "If you don't like our apple-jack," said the barkeeper, "you can take it out'n de place, see?"

Lawrence hastened to say that on sec ond thought he found it the best he had ever tasted. In reality he perceived with horror that it was already going to his head. There was a mist before his

We are showing a fine assortment of Lounges, in Cretonne, Carpet, Moquette Plush and Rugs, which we bought during the dull season, when prices were low, and can now give you the benefit of those prices. No shoddy goods, all first-class. Come in and see them, the Old Reliable

Burrall & Co.,

50 BANK STREET.

Waterbury Steam Laundry,

5 CANAL STREET. Laundry called for and delivered free of charge. For reliability, promptness and for general excellence of our work, we admit of no su-E. R. DAVIS & CO, Props, Telephone 189-4.

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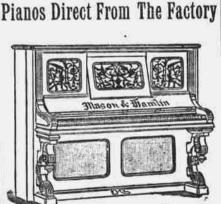
DISTRIBUTING, ETC, APPLY TO JEAN JACQUES, Orders left at PARK DRUG STORE.

Jean Jacques,

OFFICE Room 10, Brown's Block,

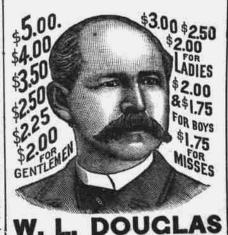
NOTICE Martin Hellmann, collector, wishes to announce that he will be at his office luring next week from 2 to 5, and from 7 to 8 p. m., to collect taxes. All delinquent tax payers must see that their taxes are paid, if not liens will be placed on property, on the first day o





You are invited to call and examine one of the celebrated Mason & Hamlin Pianos, 225 South Main st., for which I hold sole agency for this vicinity. Your expenses are paid to and from factory, where you have the privilege of selecting one from a hundred r more to your entire satisfaction. Call

R. C. FORBES, 225 So. Main St.



W. P. THOMS. 57 Bank St.



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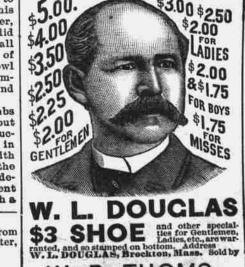
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citing for my nerves." eyes as he made for the lunch counter From this position the manager rebut that was not the reason why he did fused to recede, and Lawrence was not find what he expected. He saw all obliged to content himself with directhat there was—a few fragments of crackers in the bottom of a big bowl tions how to find the main office. It was not a very long walk, but shame at and a liberal supply of pickled cucumwere equally unproductive; and when his garments made it a path of torture. he had tried eleven for the fire departbers in a tin pan. That was all. And It was not plain sailing after he got the dime was irrevocably gone. there, either, for it took half an hour of He gathered up a few cracker crumbs painful argument to coax the message and tried to eat one of the pickles, but on to the wire. as a Bohemian meal it was not a suc-The answer was slow in coming. The cess. Ten minutes later he was out in long evening twilight was well advanced before he was notified that Kanthe street. The apple-jack was with him, and it was very busy. It made the lights in the windows dance like desas City had been heard from. This was the reply: mons; it dug holes in the pavement "Have wired money to New Haven. under his feet; it filled his brain with a Prof. Holley Teaches every pupil to write a fine rapid business hand in a course of 15 private lessons a d NO FAILURES. Tall kin is of pen werk around. "SANFORD DRANE." and address, nor any other article of